

## Western Kansas World.

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Official Paper of the City of Wa-Keeney.

Saturday, May 19, 1900.

### Clubbing Offers.

We herewith present a partial list of the papers we will club with during the year:

The World and	
Globe-Democrat semi-weekly	1 50
Chicago Inter-Ocean weekly	1 25
Tripkha Capital semi-weekly	1 25
Kansas City Journal weekly	1 25
Kansas City Star weekly	1 25
Tripkha Mail and Breeze weekly	1 25
Farm Journal monthly	1 00
Household (magazine) monthly	1 00
Live Stock Indicator weekly	1 25
Poultry Farmer monthly	1 00
Insulate edition monthly	1 00
Insurance Journal monthly	1 00
<b>\$1.25</b>	

An Illinois boy was asked to write an essay on Masonry, and here is what he wrote: "King Solomon was a man who lived so many years in the country that he was the whole push. He was an awfully wise man, and one day two women came to him, each holding to a leg of a baby and nearly pulling it in two, and each claiming it. And King Solomon wasn't feeling right good and he said: 'Why couldn't the brat have been twins and stop this bother?' And then he called for his machete and was going to Weyerize the poor innocent little babe, and give each woman a piece of it, when the real mother of the babe said: 'Stop Solomon, stay thy hand. Let the old hag have it. If I can't have a whole baby I won't have any.' Then Solomon said to her: 'Take the baby and go home and wash its face,' for he knew it was hers. He told the other woman to go chase herself. King Solomon built Solomon's Temple and was the father of Masons. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred lady friends, and that's why there are so many Masons in the world. My papa says King Solomon was a warm member, and I think he was not stuff myself. That's all I know about King Solomon."—Ex.

The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demonic enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

They are telling wonderful tales of a Rhode Island hen's wonderful achievements, among which may be mentioned that of laying a dozen eggs a day. Her fame has spread abroad and her hen coop is now being watched by distinguished students of the miraculous. But here is where the trouble comes in. She is a modest hen, and apparently not aseeker after notoriety. She is willing to lay 12 a day for the enrichment of the old lady who has given her a parlor bedroom, but she refuses to gratify the curious people who come to see her perform the feat.—Ex.

### GLORIOUS NEWS

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of schrofula, which has caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help, but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Jones & Gibson, Druggists. Guaranteed.

A good sign item from a Colorado paper: "The Republican convention at Pueblo endorsed the present administration and was a regular love feast." That don't look like any 16 to 1 foolishness, does it? And this, too, right in the home of silver. Four years ago that kind of a convention would have been mobbed in that state.

### Unable to Work.

Chas. Replogle of Atwater, O., was unable to work on account of kidney trouble. After using FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE four days he was cured. Jones & Gibson and Jas. C. Ellis, Collyer.

How's this for expansion? Last year, 1899, the exports of American products and manufactures to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian, Philippine and Samoan islands increased by more than 100 per cent. Besides this year, nearly \$6,000,000 worth of American flour went to the Orient last year, an increase of \$2,000,000 since 1898, most of it for China, Japan and Asiatic Russia. Uncle Sam has two good

stepping stones to oriental trade one at Honolulu and the other at Manila.—Ex.

J. Q. Hood, Justice of the Peace, Crosby, Miss., makes the following statement: "I can certify that One Minute Cough Cure will do all that is claimed for it. My wife could not get her breath and the first dose of it relieved her. It has also benefited my whole family." It acts immediately and cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles. Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

In a neighboring town a Salvation Army advertiser wrote on a bill board, "What shall I do to be saved?" A patient medicine man came along the next day and wrote underneath, "Take Carter's Little Liver Pills." Shortly afterward the Salvation Army man noticed the sacrilegious work of the medicine man and put it below, "and prepare to meet thy God."—Ex.

I consider it not only a pleasure but a duty I owe to my neighbors to tell about the wonderful cure effected in my case by timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I was taken very badly with flux and procured a bottle of this remedy. A few doses of it effected a permanent cure. I take pleasure in recommending it to others suffering from that dreadful disease.—J. W. Lysen, Dor, W. Va. This remedy is sold by Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

The Lebanon Criterion says: "Yesterday we observed one of the down-trodden slaves of the gold bug tailing a new piano out to his elegant farm house. Such a grip has the great red dragon upon the farmer of Kansas that he has great difficulty in deciding what make of piano to put in his palace on the farm."

**SOUND** advice to those who have kidney and bladder troubles, is to take a safe, sure medicine like FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. It always benefits the KIDNEYS. Jones & Gibson and Jas. C. Ellis, Collyer.

The Arkansas City Enquirer says: "The silver moon, the golden sunset, and the Dewey morn, will make a presidential combination that will be hard to beat." The Enquirer puts it very prettily, but there will be no golden sunset.—McCracken Enterprise.

**An Epidemic of Whooping Cough.** Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—JOHN E. CLIFFORD, Proprietor, Norwood House, Norwood, N. Y. For sale by Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

Progressive hearts is the popular game at McPherson among the women. The game is to see which one can make the largest collection of broken hearts. That has been popular among women ever since the giddy Eve flirted with Mr. Snake in the Garden of Eden and broke Adam's heart and caused the Lord to foreclose his mortgage on Adam's little orchard.—Ex.

### To Heal a Hurt

Use BANNER SALVE, the great healer. It's guaranteed for cuts, wounds, sores, piles and skin diseases. Take no substitute. Jones & Gibson and Jas. C. Ellis, Collyer.

The Horton preacher who kissed one of the young lady members of his choir and is now being sued by her for damages, was only following out the commandment of St. Paul to "salute one another with the holy kiss." It will be the preacher's duty to produce evidence that the kiss was that kind.—Ex.

The easiest and most effective method of purifying the blood and invigorating the system is to take DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for cleansing the liver and bowels. Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

The Denver Citizen, Democratic, speaking of the recent Populist State convention, says it was a clear case of the Populist party preaching its own funeral.

"DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the finest pills I ever used."—D. J. Moore, Millbrook, Ala. They quickly cure all liver and bowel troubles. Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

Happiness results from being content with what you haven't got.

### HE FOOLED THE SURGEONS.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Jones & Gibson, Druggists.

### A DOUBLE-BARRELED CANNON.

It Was the Dependence of a Georgia Town During the War.

From the unsympathetic associations of an old junkshop at Athens, Ga., there has just been resurrected one of the most interesting relics of the civil war. It is a double barreled cannon—the only one in the world, and the disappearance of which after the close of the war has always been regretted by those who thought the novel weapon worthy of something more substantial than oblivion. The cannon is now to be mounted at one of the most prominent points in this city, so that any one coming to Athens will be able to view the relic. The double-barreled cannon was invented by John Giffeland, and was cast at the Athens foundry. It was the last weapon, the pride and hope of an organization composed entirely of patriots, whose object in getting together was to defend the homes of Athens from Northern invaders, and who had such confidence in their prowess that they gave themselves the pretentious title of the Mitchell Thunderbolts.

The Mitchell Thunderbolts conceived a plan for wiping out the Federal troops by whole companies and regiments. The double-barreled cannon was to do it. The idea of the inventor was to load the double-mouthed cannon with two cannon balls, attached together by a log chain. Should the enemy attack Athens the cannon was to be loaded, the two charges touched off simultaneously, and the twin shot with its great weight of chain, sent tearing into the ranks of the hostile forces.

The effect, it was expected, would be fearful. As the two cannon balls spread apart in their progress enemyward the chain would be drawn taut, and by the time it reached the hostile ranks the whirling thunderbolt would be fifty feet long, catching in a deadly embrace every being that lay along its front, and leaving in its track a mangled, dead and dying mass of humanity. At the end of the chain the solid shot would knock down whole files, and the great length of the terrible missile would demoralize all who tried to stand up before it. Soldiers have been said to dodge a cannon ball, or try to get in the instant of self-preservation; but who could get away from a whirling devil that encompassed the entire front of a company and flew hither and thither, breaking limbs, smashing heads, cutting men in two, and following up the fleeing ones, as though imbued with fiendish powers of intelligence.

It was calculated by the inventor that the cannon balls at the end of the chain would be given a rotary movement when fired from the gun so that the fifty-foot death dealer would travel in eccentric directions, twisting and turning and doubling on its tracks, so as to strike death and terror into the hearts of the soldiers of an entire army. Giffeland believed that a few discharges from his double-barreled cannon would put to flight the finest body of veterans that ever faced artillery fire. Half a dozen fifty-foot chains, with cannon balls attached, would clear a space several miles in extent, and leave the Mitchell Thunderbolts in undisputed possession of that part of the earth.

With their cannon ready the old soldiers of Athens felt perfectly able to take care of their town, and keep Athens clear of the enemy; but there never was an occasion for the use of the unique gun, and so the men of the North were spared the awful experience of having to face this double-mouthed monster, and the world never knew what an infernal machine had been set up to add to the horrors of war. After a time the double-barreled gun disappeared and for a long time it was lost to sight. As explained, it has just been found in a junkshop, and should any one desire to test its powers of destruction, a permit from the Mayor of Athens would probably be obtainable.

### Points in Law Recently Decided

A statute authorizing the assessment of fully paid up stock is held, in Enterprise Ditch Company vs. Moffitt (Neb.), 45 L. R. A. 447, to be unconstitutional.

Crops planted by a person in possession under a bond for title after he has refused to comply with the contract or purchase, and after the vendor, having tendered a good title, has begun an action to foreclose the bond, are held, in Siver vs. Brown (Ore.), 45 L. R. A. 442, to belong to the vendor.

Rights of a corporation to dispose of its property by a majority vote, against the protest of a minority stockholder, is sustained in Phillips vs. Providence Steam Engine company (R. I.), 45 L. R. A. 500, when there is no unfairness, oppression or fraud and the company is unable to go on with its business.

A single transaction in volving a purchase of coal on credit, with a guaranty by a third person, is held, in Delaware & Hudson Canal company vs. Mahlenbrock (N. J.), 45 L. R. A. 538, not to constitute the transaction of any business within the meaning of a statute as to business of foreign corporations.

It is held that a barbed wire fence running diagonally from the corner of a house across the grass on private premises to a street corner, which is put there for the purpose of preventing people taking a short cut across the grass after plain wire had been found ineffectual for that purpose, in Quigley vs. Clough (Mass.), 45 L. R. A. 500, doesn't make the owner liable to a person who, by mistake, after dark, left the line of the street, walked upon the grass and was injured by the fence.

She—"At what age does a man usually get bald?" He—"rfuyDceoe rdsidrtges digdH.b He—"Do you refer to a single or a married man?"

### Didn't Want a Trifler in the Pulpit

They have been having revival services up in Maine in one town and in that town there is a neighborhood known from "awayback" by the sobriquet of the "Mooseyard."

Perhaps in the time of the earliest settlers the moose used to assemble there in winter quarters. I don't know. It is called Mooseyard anyway. The revivalist is a little hard of hearing. More than that the choir was singing when he asked the boy. It was this way. An old lady arose and commenced to render a very fervent testimony. She ascended to heights of real eloquence. She had the story of a wonderful religious experience to relate. The room resounded with "amens" and shouts of approval as she continued. And while she was talking, so great was the enthusiasm, that the choir broke out in to a snatch of song. While the people were singing and the old lady, pausing for opportunity to resume, stood with her chin upraised and her eyes staring at the ceiling with rapt gaze, the revivalist leaned forward to a small boy who sat on the edge of the platform near.

"Little boy," whispered the revivalist. "Who is that lady who has been speaking?"

In the confusion the boy thought the revivalist had asked him where the lady lived.

"Down to the Mooseyard, mister," he replied.

And the revivalist on his part thought that the boy had said that her name was "Mrs. Moose."

Therefore when she resumed he interjected at the right time with all the strength of his lungs and the fervor of his zeal:

"Ar-r-men, Sister Moose."

A queer look ran over the faces of the worshippers. The old lady brought down her eyes and surveyed the revivalist in some amazement.

Then again a little later in stentorian tones from his lips:

"Bless the Lord, Sister Moose."

The old lady stopped here and looked at the man for some time.

But he leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed the better to get the effect of the oratory, only said: "Go on, go on, Sister Moose."

She went on.

"And those who come among us, oh Lord, in wolves' hides to make fun of decent women in Thy holy church whilst Thou smite with brimstone and fire and tempest, and now I want to know what you mean by calling me Sister Moose?"

The small boy witness had gone and the next day the revivalist was told that the elders in the church didn't think that trifling well with solemn matters of worship.

We are conservative in some places up here in Maine. Sometimes we will not accept the explanations of strangers.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### Comrades of an Hour.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows, and so sometimes does weather. Big snows such as we had this week, seem to put us on a common level, and there is a feeling of good cheer and a prevalence of badinage that is lacking at other times. Standing in the tunnel at Sixth street, says a writer in the Kansas City Gazette, we witnessed one of those little scenes about which you read so much, but which, unless you have traveled far and observed closely, you seldom see.

There were but a few passengers waiting in the tunnel, and in one corner, quite apart from the others, were a newboy—a freckled-face youngster with a big red bandanna around his neck—and a gentleman with a big fur overcoat buttoned closely round him and whom we recognized as a well known man of affairs. It was a problem with everybody just then which way they should take to get to their destination.

"Where're you going?" said the youngster to the big man, with accent on the "yer." The big man told his destination and counseled with the youngster as to the best way to get there. Then he wanted to know where the boy was bound for. "Oh, nowhere," was the reply. They were none of kin, but were very much of kind, and as they talked there no doubt was developed a genuine feeling of comradeship.

"Where do you live?" "Where does your father do?" asked the big man, at length. The youngster seemed much affected and didn't answer for a minute. "Say," he said finally, "Yer all right, an' I think yer square as any feller, an' I'd do most anything fer yer, but I wished yer hadn't asked me 'bout home, an' dad, or mam." The big man seemed willing to drop the subject, and at once asked him if he had a Star. The boy seemed to have forgotten that he had papers to sell—the commercial feeling had been drowned for the time by a brotherly one. He didn't have a Star—had just sold the last one—but the big man took a World instead and put what seemed to be a silver dollar in the boy's palm. A car had come and he climbed on, first telling the boy to keep the change.

We saw a "World" in his pocket as he climbed into the car—he had had it when he bought the other from the boy.

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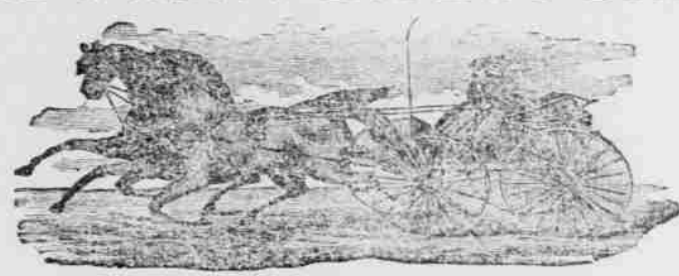
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